

# THE WAR CRY

AND OFFICIAL GAZETTE OF THE SALVATION ARMY IN CANADA, N.W. AMERICA AND NEWFOUNDLAND

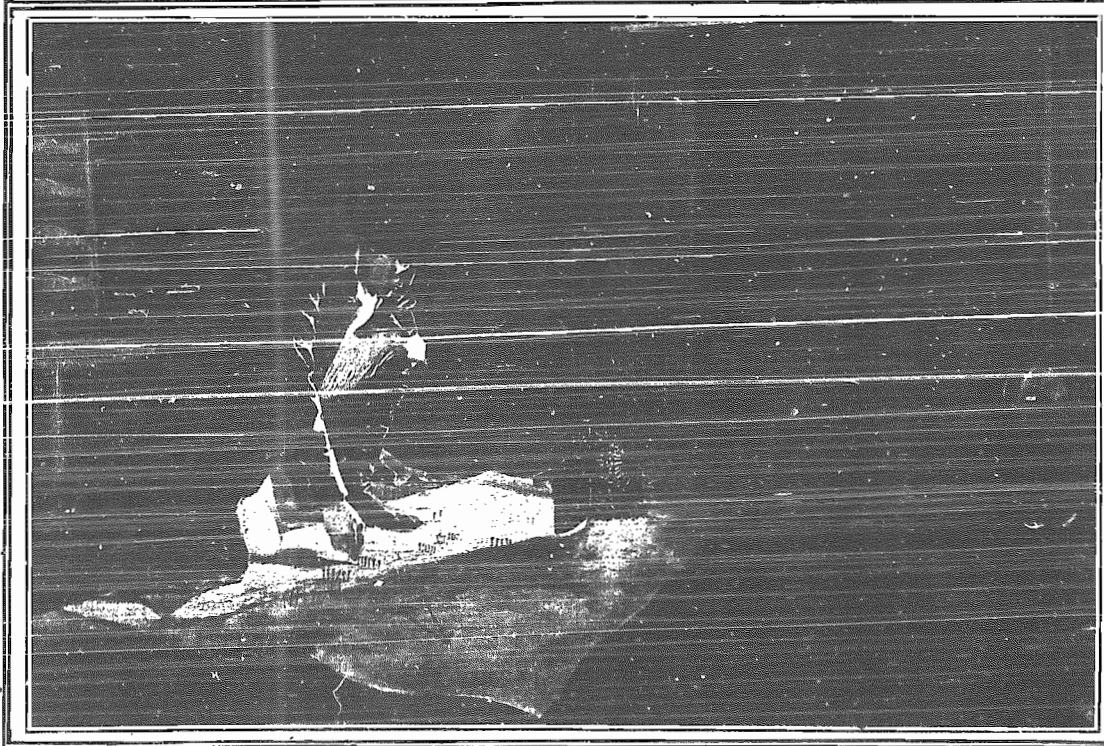
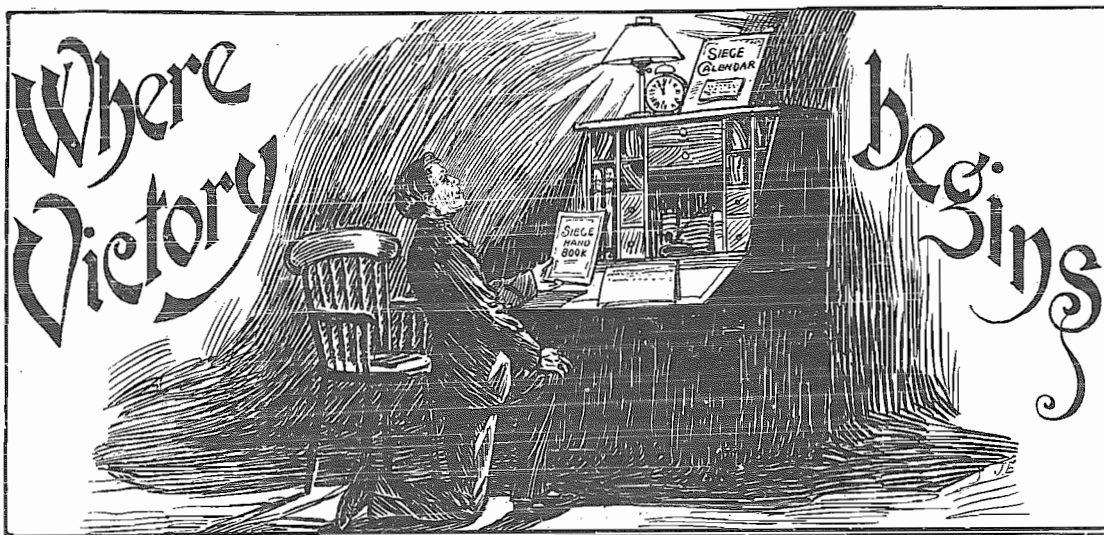
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WILLIAM BOOTH,  
General.

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EVANGELINE BOOTH,  
Commissioner.

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## CAN CHRIST KEEP?

Sufficient has already been said and written, and much more must be known, about the way drink curses a man and still more a woman, that many are almost prepared to despair of their salvation. But the impossibilities of men are the easy miracles of God. There are thousands of people, once slaves to drink, now entirely delivered by Him, who could at this moment attest the truth of this. Take one incident.

A few years ago there was a man who was going headlong to ruin through the public-house. His wife suffered all the troubles and anguish of a drunkard's helpmate; the children, white and terrified, dreaded the sound of their father's footstep on the stair. His situation (for he was a skilled artisan) was at last lost by his evil habit; his bits of furniture went to the pawnbroker's to supply fuel for the publican's till. He said he was going to the devil—and everybody believed him; but all at once a change came: not a neat bit of impossible reformation, but a complete case of conversion. He passed from death unto life; he threw himself, a hell-deserving sinner, at the foot of the cross, and through faith in the Name that is above every name, arose in newness of heart and purpose. The human instrument was simply the godly life and prayers of a Christian man in the same house.

Years have passed since then. In a new and comfortable home is a bright and happy wife, and his children, proud to follow in the new steps of their Christian father, are growing up in the nurture and admonition of the Lord. Wherever he goes he has but one theme—what Jesus has done for him; and while he talks little of politics, and knows nothing of philosophy, when his mates pluck him by the sleeve and ask him, "How about Jesus Christ?" his face is lit up with rapture as he answers, "He is the altogether lovely to my soul." Could a myth do that? Is there power in the hand of the very best and wisest of mere men to work this miraculous change? No! a thousand times no! We bow our head and say, "It is the Lord."

### CAN CHRIST KEEP.

There is in one of the mean streets of London, up a narrow stair, a very poor room, in which lies a poor woman who has kept her bed of suffering more than a dozen years. Her maladies are complicated, and cause her frequent and keenest pain. She is in deepest poverty, and from her birth has been totally blind. Her living she earns by dressing dolls, with marvellous adjustment of color and taste, and in taking care upon her bed of the little ones of poor working women. And yet her room is the very gate of heaven. No word of complaint is ever found upon her lips; instead, she is eloquent of the goodness and loving-kindness of her God. Christian people, possessed of all the things she lacks, and yet downhearted, find her bedside to be brightened and lifted heavenward; if her visitors come to pity they walk home asking the Lord to grant them a like portion of her joy and peace. Who could, we ask, be all this to, do all this for this happy saint except Him who has whispered in her ear, "Let not your heart be troubled, neither let it be afraid?"

Oh, for such a sanctification of what we call life's denials! The Gethsemane of such suffering becomes the Mount of Transfiguration. Such souls are the very salt of the world. Viewed at a distance we think we might go and grieve with them; drawing nearer we lose sight of the cross of suffering and see only the cross of peace. To Him be the glory!

### FROM THE VELDT TO GLORY.

The last instance was sufficient to show that in life grace is sufficient for our need. A brief story shall be told to show that He also gives dying grace. Before the battle of Nicholson's Nek, an officer of the Royal Irish Fusiliers called a halt and said:

"Men, we have just seven minutes before we are in the fight; to some it will mean death, to many others wounds. I advise you to spend those seven minutes as I am going to do, in prayer."

He slipped out of the saddle, and taking off his helmet knelt down by the side of his horse, the bridle rein in his hand. With one exception

his comrades all knelt down on the grass with heads uncovered; the only one who did not was a Christian soldier named Armstrong, who some time before had given his heart to God. If occurred to this man that there were many there who knew not how to ask God for the forgiveness that they stood in such great need of then, so he bowed his bare head and prayed aloud for them. That prayer his comrades will never forget. Its closing words were:

"O God, if a bullet lodges in any of our hearts, make us ready to stand in Thy presence, for Christ's sake. Amen."

The officer sprang to his saddle and gave the word to advance; a single shot met them as they rushed out of cover, and one man was immediately struck. His comrades heard him shout "Glory!" and, glancing round, saw it was Armstrong, his arms thrown up and on his face a look of indescribable triumph. He was in the Presence now.

These three incidents, personally known to the writer, which might be multiplied if need be, proves that a real Christianity, unminged with the clay of worldliness, simple in its faith, pure in its practice, the one pre-eminent inspiration of a life wholly given to God, is sufficient for time and eternity, life and death. It is this glorious possibility which is a mission we have to present to all who come and accept it. "The cross is the attraction" were the last words of a dying saint in India, and in this sign and symbol is victory for evermore.

But the foregoing considerations would be altogether incomplete if a word were not added that all our work may be as naught if we do not recognize and honor the Holy Ghost. "Not by might, nor by power, but by My Spirit, saith the Lord."—Jesse Page.

## Demolition of a Heathen Temple.

### Renunciation of Idol Worship by an Indian Village.

#### THE DEVIL-DANCER'S CONVERSION.

In South India the Salvation Army has been the means of many heathen temples being destroyed, or converted into Army barracks for the worship of Christ.

The latest "temple conversion" took place at Kuttukal, a village situated four miles from Nagercoil. Ten years ago, when the Army first commenced operations in this village, it was given over to devil-worship.

Some of the people gave ear, and were enrolled as soldiers of the Salvation Army. But it was not so with most of the villagers. To pray to a God they could not see was to them the height of foolishness, and what could be so inspiring as

#### THE DEVIL-DANCE

with tom-tom, the ringing of bells, and the blast of the horn, when some would fall to the ground and writhe and kick and utter strange words, for the man "possessed" was then the mouthpiece of the gods? Away with a religion that has no voice or appeal to the senses!

The little band of Salvationists were persecuted, some being nearly killed; but those who had taken a stand for Christ stood firm, and suffered and prayed, with the result that, one by one, many others come over to the service of Jesus. Three months ago the last seventeen families (fifty-six persons) lent attentive ear to the Christian teaching. This was mainly brought about by a Local Officer, who had been a devil-dancer, and was well known. He went to these heathen families, and told them it was the best to serve Jesus, and they could say nothing—they had seen the two religions demonstrated side by side and contrasted for ten years, and now they knew which was best.

At a council, the heathen families decided that it was best to give themselves to God and the Salvation Army, and present their temple, with

#### THEIR VILLAGE GODS

and the sacred shrine of devil-worship, to the officers.

A great meeting was arranged, which was held in a grove of palms in front of the temple to be destroyed. To look upon that crowd sitting upon the ground, with upturned faces, in the light of many blazing torches, the great palm branches bending and swaying in the wind over-

head, and the temple looming darkly in the background; to listen to weird songs of Indian melody rolling from the throats of several hundred people, and the village now united together as one for the first time, with Christ at the head, caused feeling too deep for words to the officers.

At the close of the meeting, armed with crow-bars and pickaxes, the officers entered the temple and struck the first blow at the Swamy facing the door, then

#### BLOW AFTER BLOW FOLLOWED,

all hands taking part, till every idol within the temple had either been demolished or removed, and then the walls were attacked and partly taken away, but the pillars and main walls were left standing, for the building is to be reconstructed for a prayer-room.

The stone god out in the field, known as the "Soodalai Marden," was then attacked. This is the Great Destroyer, the terrible goblin that is supposed to dance in glee over the funeral pyre of the dead, and is greatly feared. This monster was hurled to the ground, and is to have its head taken off, to form the corner-stone of the new Salvation Army barracks in the village. The "Shrine of the Devil" was then demolished, after which two wooden gods, taken from the village temple, and named "Essaki Marden" the god, and "Essaki" the goddess, were presented to the officers.

#### THE HEADMEN OF THE NEW CONVERTS

when handing them over said:

"We have worshipped and served these gods all our lives, but from this day forward we wish to know that we have renounced all but the worship of Jesus, and as a sign of our determination we hand them over to you to do with them as you like."

They were presented with all the sacred temple articles and the costumes used by the devil-dancers; all that pertained to heathen worship was spread out before us on the ground.

Glory be to God! He shall have the heathen for His inheritance, and the uttermost parts of the earth for His possession.

### "Without the Camp."

Heb. xiii. 13.

In Israel's camp for years I trod,  
And yet I knew not Israel's God;  
Nor could man's wisdom make it plain  
That I had to be "born again."

I scorned the Army's coat of red,  
Nor heeded what the converts said,  
Until conviction on me fell,  
And plucked me as a brand from hell.

Since then I walk without the camp,  
Nor weary of my daily tramp;  
And His reproaches gladly share,  
Who bade me seek the lost ones there.  
—Adj. Phillips.

### Sin is Madness.

Rev. G. Campbell Morgan declares of sin: "We need to lay a new emphasis upon the fact that sin is madness. That is not new; that is as old as the parables of Jesus; that is as old as the parable of the 'prodigal son.' Watch him as he leaves his father's house and finds his way into the far country, and then mark those suggestive words that tell of his coming back: 'When he came to himself.' The inference is that he had been beside himself, that he had been mad. He had lost his sense of relative values. He had imagined that the best lover he had was his foe."

### The Water of the Ganges.

The faith of the Hindoos in the water of the Ganges is not altogether without foundation. Recent scientific experiments have proved that the waters of this river possess extraordinary antiseptic or purifying properties. A Government analyst recently took water from the main sewer at Benares, containing millions of cholera germs, and when emptied into a vessel containing Ganges water, in six hours the germs were all dead.

# THE CAPTURE OF EDMOM.

BY COMMISSIONER T. H. HOWARD, FOREIGN SECRETARY.

"Who will bring me into the strong city?  
Who will lead me into Edom?"  
Wilt Thou not, O God?—Ps. cviii. 10, 11.

How often, in one's own soul, is heard the echo of expressions which burst from hearts and lips of long ago! This makes the Bible very precious to us, for it provides, in so many instances, and to a degree which astonishes us, a medium for expressing deep longings of the human heart, such as cannot be found anywhere else.

The quotations at the head of this paper have proved just this to me lately. I was reading and pondering over the barriers—apparently insuperable—which hinder the advance of my Master's Kingdom, when I came across this Psalm. I had often read it before, though the words had not specially found an echo in my own heart; but at once the walled and fenced city of Edom rose up through the mists of my anxieties.

Those who know the country tell us that the city which must have been in David's mind stood

or later these barriers will fall, even as did Jericho's walls before Israel!

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Readers will say that this is a gloomy description of the situation, but let me make it clear that I do not mean it in any sense to be a cry of despair, but rather

A RECOGNITION OF THE TREMENDOUS DIFFICULTY with which earnest soldiers of the cross are grappling; and I make this reference in order that more earnest, believing prayers and co-operation may be forthcoming.

God can, and will, give His people victory. Has He not promised that the redeemed "shall see the travail of His soul and be satisfied," and that He shall "have the heathen for His inheritance"? He has; but sometimes our waiting souls cry out, "How long, O Lord, how long?" until again we hear our Lord say, "Go ye into all the world . . . and, lo, I am with you always, even unto the end." And remembering that "this is the victory which overcometh the world, even our faith," should we not again grasp the words of the Psalmist, "Through God we shall do valiantly, for He it is that shall tread down our enemies"?

## CONFIDENCE IN GOD

and in the reliability of His promises is absolutely necessary if the strongholds of evil are

HIGH AMIDST THE SURROUNDING MOUNTAINS,

and that there was only a break here and there in this mountain-wall through which any entrance was possible. This place, with its hidden gates and difficult approaches, represented to my mind some of the numerous strongholds of evil in our own day; and as I longed and longed to see the flag of Jesus flying where the banners of the enemy are waving, I cried with David, "Who will bring me into the strong city? Who will lead me into Edom? Wilt not Thou, O God?"

As I pondered, I felt the discouragements in many directions to be very great. The longing for larger and more rapid advances in God's work was intense, and my prayer was earnest, but my faith needed an inspiration; this I got as my eye followed down the Psalm, for I struck the last verse, "Through God we shall do valiantly." I took new courage, my fainting hopes revived, and I rose to go forth to fight and to stir up others to renewed attacks on the Kingdom of the devil.

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In connection with my appointment in the Salvation Army, I travel in many lands and visit fields where the warfare is similar to a series of attacks upon entrenched cities, and where some of our greatest victories can only be compared to the capture of some small outworks. At one time, our forces come up to

AN IMPENETRABLE WALL OF SUPERSTITION;

at another there seems to be an impassable gulf between us and the people we wish to reach; again, tides of pleasure or worldliness, indifference and vice, have burst their ordinary bonds and the country is flooded with godlessness and folly. Rescues here and there, the damming back of the flood in a few places, the breaking down of a few stones of the fortresses, do happily encourage our hearts from time to time; but looking out upon the world and its terrible needs, we cry from our deepest souls, "Who is sufficient for these things?" "Who will bring me into the strong city? Who will lead me into Edom? Wilt not Thou, O God?"

In India, I have often stood in little, low-caste or pariah villages, outside the gate of the town or city where the caste people dwell, and although I have thanked God for the doors which are opened to the outcast and depressed multitudes of that vast land, I have turned toward the caste village or town with my heart filled with the intensest yearnings, and even with temptations to depression. I have realized the gulf not yet bridged, the wall not yet broken, the darkness which can be felt, and all this in a sense which cannot be described. Oh, how, in these moments, I have revered the faith and honored the devotion of those blessed workers who spend year after year winning the ground, inch by inch as it were, fully assured that sooner

to be captured. Human knowledge, human skill and ingenuity, count for much, very much; but alone they can never secure the victory upon which our hearts are set. Our earthly resources are totally unequal to the case. Hence, more than ever we must draw upon God, claiming His direct interposition, as well as His blessing upon our efforts and the efforts of those in whom we are interested.

When claiming these divine promises and setting our hearts on securing these glorious victories, it almost goes without saying that this implies that we must be men and women whom God is likely to use and lead. Those to whom David was speaking had met with defeat because God had cast them off, and that meant, as it always does mean, that they had got out of harmony with God, and so failure was written large across their efforts. In military campaigns, the moral character of the soldiers does not bear any close relation to either the victory or defeat; but in our warfare the personal character and relation to God counts for very much; we must be in harmony with Him if our work is to succeed.

"Oh, but look at this one and that one," people have said to me; "they have had great success, although afterwards proved to be bad, or at least insincere." That may be so, for at times God does work in spite of unworthiness or insincerity in the agents.

GREAT IS THE POWER OF TRUTH,

even though spoken by self-seeking men! We may, however, take it that true, permanent advances in Christ's work can only be secured by men and women endowed with the Holy Spirit, and that Spirit will not co-operate with those who are out of harmony with God. Let us, therefore, always search well into our own hearts and lives for the causes of any failure which may be manifest in our lives. The Achan of Joshua's camp hindered the conquest of the strong city which Israel's host attacked, but when the hindrances were put away, the shout of victory was heard, for God gave them the city.

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Then, further, I cannot too strongly urge all who are engaged in this warfare to encourage themselves in the Lord. Perhaps the victory over discouragement is amongst the greatest victories of faith. Certain it is that the advances against the enemy's strongholds are often small because we allow discouragement to master our confidence in God. As I have traveled up and down the world, I have often wondered at the

LOW STANDARD OF EXPECTANCY

and faith for the results in those whose toil for God has been unflagging, and for whose devotion and self-sacrifice I have glorified God. I know that in many cases it is not in even the most sanctified servant of God to command success; but I also know that those whose faith has claimed victory, have often secured results which earnest, hard-working, but discouraged souls do not see. Doubt and disheartenment have a most crippling effect in any field of labor.

I have seen this to be so with workers in heathen mission fields and in Catholic countries, as well as with those who toil among the populations of our own cities. They have dropped from the levels of faith, given up the high expectations of definite results, and while yet sincerely continuing in their path of duty, have been enfeebled in their soul's service. What wonder that under such conditions the strong city is not conquered, and the enemy's banner still floats on Edom's ramparts?

*"Oh, for trust that brings the triumph  
When defeat seems strangely near!  
Oh, for faith that changes fighting  
Into victory's ringing cheer—  
Faith triumphant!  
Knowing not defeat or fear!"*

We must encourage ourselves in the Lord; gird up our loins; take to ourselves the whole armor, and turning prayer into faith, claim that God shall give us even the strong cities of Edom, and lead us on from victory to victory.

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As a last word, let me sound out a cry to those who could, if they would, strengthen the forces whom the Lord shall lead against these Edoms of our day. We pray, we wait, the whole world waits, the Redeemer waits for those who will "come up to the help of the Lord against the mighty." Surely there are some, even among my readers, who will respond, "Here am I, Lord, send me."

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To live well is to be constantly obedient to God's commands, and never willing to do or desire that which is contrary to any of them.

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If a man does not seek happiness in God, he seeks it in himself and in his fellowmen. Such a course is, on the face of it, irrational, because a rational nature must seek the supreme reason (God), if only for its own explanation.

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He who seeks to know the reason of his trials upon his knees before God will not fail, sooner or later, to recognize His gracious hand, training, moulding, and turning all to the sufferer's sanctification.

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There are teeming thousands who never cross the threshold of a church, chapel, or mission hall, to whom all connected with religion is as an old song, a byword, and a reproach. They need to be brought into contact with a living Christ in the characters and persons of His people. They want to see and handle the word of life in a living form.—Mrs. General Booth.

# International Memorial Meeting at Clapton Congress Hall.

## THE GENERAL'S POWERFUL TRIBUTE.

The rush at I.H.Q. for the tickets, by which only could admission be gained to the Congress Hall, amply justified this and other restrictions imposed for this special occasion. Even as early as five o'clock large masses of uniform gathered in front of the outer Congress gates, and as soon as the doors swung open eager comrades, subdued in demeanor, yet not sad-faced, and wearing the recognized white Army badge on the left arm, proceeded to take their places inside the vast building.

While the congregation is still assembling, the International Bands solemnly and sweetly discourse such refrains as "Vital Spark" and "The Cross is not Greater than His Grace."

### The Solemn Procession.

First came the flags—figures of unity—the British and American on each side of the Army's tricolor, drooping under the main gangway. The glorious music, "Promoted to Glory," lifts our thoughts. Appropriately the women came first, partners of the Commissioners, solemn, but not humiliated. They have lost more than a sister. To them a "mother in Israel" has indeed fallen.

With steady pace follow the Commissioners themselves, strong men—supporters or pillars in this house of God.

The first throbb was felt when the children of the Chief and Mrs. Booth—Mary, Bernard, Olive, Dora, Wycliff (Sergt. Catherine is ill, owing to the shock of this sad event, and her sister Miriam is watching at her bedside)—are seen descending the floor of the hall. They remind us of the motherless home on the banks of the Hudson.

The dear Chief and his beloved wife—look well, if somewhat worn—never so noble as now, when sorrow's chastening grace softens their countenances. They march on, aye! and will march on.

And here is the father—alone!—and yet not alone. A host of aye thousand Salvationists welcome him to their hearts. Dear, precious before, what shall we say now? Insuperably, eternally precious. For sorrow does not overwhelm him. Death does not discourage him. Death—even the death of his priceless child—cannot thwart his progress. He leads again. Submerged for the moment beneath the waves of bereavement, every eye follows him to the platform.

The music ceases. The Chief takes his place at the head of the platform, and in an instant we are around the Throne of that Kingdom into which our beloved one swept but a few days ago. Commissioner Kilbey pleads for the General, and therein voices the heart-cry of our world.

After prayer and song we hear, through Commissioner Pollard, of the messages from the ends of the earth—Australia, Japan, India—from the shores of the veldt of South Africa; from the capitals of Europe; the distant isles of the seas; and though the Commissioner put it first, we put it last, but not least, the pledges of love, sympathy, devotion, loyalty of all departments of the International Headquarters. We shall have more to say about these later on.

Then, trembling with emotion, but mastering the forces of his strong nature, the Chief read out the messages of the night.

It is no mere formal duty that is being discharged, for as he reads the Field Commissioner's words, we hear her, see her, as some of you have seen her, often in battle, and in making the bereavements and sorrows of others her own.

"All Canada is praying for the General!" The Chief speaks the sentence with tender emphasis, and why? Because the great crowd feels the Army makes the world one, and this touch of a new brotherhood sends a thrill of feeling throughout the concourse.

Ever the soldier, the Field Commissioner's last request touches the true chord—

"For myself, I would like to ask London's prayers—she was the guardian angel of my life."

### From the Commander.

A solemn hush deepens, if that is possible, the silence of the minutes before, while the Chief unfolds, sentence by sentence, the Commander's message to us—we were going to write the General and his British comrades (and to them it is primarily addressed), but whoever reads it will agree that it is a message to the world.

They were the words of a spiritual stalwart, a man with a heart that can bury loss and grief and desolation in love for others!

A remarkable testimony was given by the only sister, Mrs. Booth-Hellberg. She said in substance:

"You have all heard, and it is not necessary for me to say anything about what our precious, precious comrade was as an officer, for many of you know it as well as I do myself. Of her worth as a daughter the General is going to speak to you himself.

"But I just want to say a word, and that is—she was a beautiful sister. Not only a sister who loved us, her sisters and brothers, with a deep, noble, unselfish love, but with a strong, godly love. Every action of her life as a sister led us up higher. She was a sister indeed, and as a sister, oh, how I shall miss her over the seas!

"I remember when she came to see me at Berne, one year ago. She arrived in the morning, and left again the same day at seven in the evening, for her time was short, and I would not rob the darling General of the few short hours she had yet to spend with him before sailing back to America again.

"However, in company with my husband, I went with her a little way on the return journey—as far as a little station which took us up to midnight to reach. We sat talking in the corner of the dim carriage, her hand in mine and mine in hers. Most of the time we talked about the General, for at the moment a heavy blow had fallen upon his dear brave heart.

"At this tiny little station we stood in the dark and watched the train carrying out our precious sister. And she leaned from the window, and threw me kisses all the time, and waved her handkerchief. I can see her dear face now! Little did I think it would be the last look she would ever give me. Then, as the train bore her further away, she called out these words, 'Lucy—Eternally united!'

"When the terrible shock came the other day, I saw her, as it were, again waving her handkerchief and heard her calling out: 'Lucy—Eternally united!' And, through my anguish, I called up to her, to the battlements of heaven, 'Yes, Enma, my precious, darling, best of sisters, it shall ever be true that, though you are up yonder, and we must remain for a time down here, we are—not we shall be, but we still are—Hallelujah!—eternally united; under the same flag, in this blessed Salvation Army.' For she is still a Salvationist away yonder, and we are Salvationists down here, and we still have that beautiful link between us."

The congregation rose. The Chief waves his hand to the Staff Bands. Then a deluge of song, such as Clapton has not heard for any age. The huge mass of humanity which crowds every inch of space, is swayed by the desire, the sentiment, the music, and inspiration of—

"Nearer, my God, to Thee, nearer to Thee!"

### The General's Tribute.

The General stood up. It is the supreme moment of the memorial—nay, a moment in the lives of all not to be forgotten in time or eternity, and one the description of which will be handed down to sons and daughters yet unborn.

The General was first the father, the bereaved father. Not a heart in the vast multitude which filled the great amphitheatre but was touched by his opening sentences. Till this moment he had been quietly taking part in the service as might any other member of the audience. Now he is on his feet, and the hush deepens as he tells how, at three o'clock in the morning of Wednesday last, the death-angel met his precious daughter, but after a short but victorious struggle hurried her away to meet her sainted mother, in the presence of her Saviour—Lord.

In another minute or two the leader of and head of the world-wide movement gradually came into view again before us all, mounting up above the personal grief and anguish, and pointing out the mighty influence this woman had wielded for her God, and the deep loss we have sustained. Never were leaders more wanted, and here one is stricken down and gone.

"Who is to take her place?" he asks. "If the work is to go on someone must—and the work must go on—it will go on." The voice rises, the beautiful long hands fly out straight before him, every movement and every glance arrests, demands, commands, "Who is to take her place?"

In the quickening attention of the crowd there is something being stirred now which lies deeper than the tenderest emotions. The General has mounted up to the sharp, piercing notes of the prophet of God.

### The Final Appeal.

The closing words of the General's address were listened to in that spirit which so often characterizes the end of our leader's meetings.

The vast assemblage was divided, by the sheer force of the General's questions, into three or four classes—those who were and were not living and fighting according to the high standard of whole-hearted consecration to the will of God, and those who had done so and had compromised it or desired to do so, but stood shrinking before the cross.

"Here I give my all to Thee,  
Friends, and time, and earthly store,  
Soul and body Thine to be,  
Wholly Thine for evermore."

That must have helped hundreds to decision. The actual finish? Here words fail us!

The appeal to fill up the gap; the picture of the world's needs; the piercing, beckoning, yearning desire of the Moses-like leader, for officers, soldiers, aye, and for the poor, poor backsliders to come home again—were all answered by a consecration, the sight of which will never be erased from the memory of the spectators.

Row after row of seats were cleared and as rapidly crowded with men and women whose presence there, and whose gifts to Calvary's cross, formed that altar for which the General had so powerfully appealed but a few minutes before.

When the trumpet of the Lord shall sound, and time shall be no more,

And the morning breaks eternal, bright, and fair;

When the saved of earth shall gather over on the other shore,

And the roll is called up yonder, I'll be there.

"I'll be there!" was sung again and again with fixed bayonets. The sight of these hands once more was, in itself, a vision on which to rest the memory, and when the grand old white-haired figure descended to the floor, followed by the Chief and his Commissioners, the band struck up—

"To the front! The cry is ringing;  
To the front! your place is there;  
In the conflict men are wanted—  
Men of faith, and hope, and prayer!"

The hands were the answer.

**EVERY SOLDIER  
IN EVERY CORPS  
AT THE SAME TIME  
DOING THE SAME THING.**

That is what is meant by a systematic and thorough effort to carry into effect the Siege, and it spells

**S U C C E S S.**



## Where Victory Begins.

(To our frontispiece.)

Darkness covers the fields.

Ally and enemy sleep within a few miles of each other, to do battle on the morrow. One will win, and the other will be beaten. Whom will fortune favor?

Fortune? Oh, no—victory does not depend on chance.

Well, then, which is the strongest army?

The battle is not always to the strongest.

What decides victory, then?

Look!

Two armies sleep, but in the silent night a little man kneels on the floor. A lantern throws its fitful gleam over a map, which faithfully shows the field of action. Rough nails serve to show various portions of his army, and Napoleon plans his battle of to-morrow. Point by point, step by step, he fights already the engagement, changes his tactics, improves his position, and now he has mastered the situation, he has found the weakest point of the enemy's position, and there he plans a strong attack, while entrenching his other positions to make them impregnable and to protect his attack. Hour after hour has glided past in swift silence, while the giant brain has fought and won. Already the eastern horizon is paling, when he flings himself upon his couch, undressed, ready for action, smiling with the assurance of certain victory.

With the rising of the sun the artillery begins to bombard the opposing position. The rattle of advancing musketry follows the boom of the cannon. Smoke hazes the atmosphere. The patter of charging cavalry. Clashing of arms is heard on the right. Shouts, cheers, and groans tell of the heat of battle. The confusion of noises grows. The enemy gives way on the right. The advance becomes more pressing. Success intoxicates and makes men reckless of their life or limb. Failure dispirits the enemy, who wavers, breaks up, and finally flees in dismay.

The bugles proclaim the victory. Napoleon, on his famous charger, reviews his conquest-flushed regiments, who break out into boisterous acclamation, which, like thunder, rolls along the line. The groans of the wounded, prayers and curses of the dying, are the feeble response of the victims of victory.

Yet the true beginning of victory was in that room at midnight.

Every successful movement, be it political, social, commercial, or religious, is indebted to its success, chiefly and primarily, to the planning and scheming of some master-mind, without which an army becomes a mob, a church a crowd, a government a confusion, and every organization is sure to come to grief.

Greece lost its glory and independence because proud in their great accomplishments in art and science, they were jealous of each other, and without unity and the inspiration of a great purpose, they became an easy victim of a well-organized and -general army.

Rome lost her colonies when she trusted in her system, and her leading consuls became indulgent and careless.

Spain lost most of her colonies because trusting in antiquated systems, refusing to recognize the demands of advancing civilization, she was not prepared to resist the attack of a powerful nation.

The Boer war began in a manner most unexpected. Many a British officer prophesied to eat his Christmas dinner at Pretoria, who lay dead or wounded on the Tugela at that time. Why? Because trusting in her strength, superiority of numbers and financial resources, England scorned to prepare, while the Boer Republic had planned and prepared for a long time for a desperate struggle. How well the campaign was planned, the long sieges of Ladysmith, Kimberley, and Mafeking only tell too well.

As a contrast, take the conquest of Soudan. Lord Kitchener planned and schemed, unheralded and unknown. Silently he drilled his forces, studied his maps, laid his plans, and one day the whole world was startled with the news of the

great battle of Omdurman, which gave the death-blow to the Soudan rebellion, and established peace in Upper Egypt.

The Siege had been announced. Letters from the Commissioner and the P. O. had arrived, also the Siege Hand-Book; and now the Captain, after a hard meeting, sits in the silent night to consider what he can do to apply the Siege regulations with the greatest effect to his corps and congregation.

New people must be brought to the barracks, backsliders must be reclaimed, sinners must be saved—these three points are settled in his mind. How can it be done best?

Quickly he drops onto his knees. No use planning without the Lord.

"Except the Lord build the house, they labor in vain that build it."

Earnestly and fervently he pleads with God. It is His war, and He must give counsel. It was for sinners Jesus died. He must show a way to win them. It is the Holy Spirit's work to convince men of sin, righteousness, and a judgment to come, the officer pleads a renewed baptism. And the answer comes—no prayer remains unanswered, it brings such a reply as its earnestness merits.

When the Captain arises to plan his mind is clear, his heart is hot, and his plans begin to form—first slowly, then quicker, finally rapidly until he sees the assurance of victory in them.

## The Siege Program.

**Sunday, Nov. 29, to Saturday, Dec. 12.**  
**DESPERATE SOUL-SAVING**  
**CAMPAIGN.**

**Sunday, Dec. 13, to Saturday, Dec. 19.**  
**JUNIORS' and YOUNG PEOPLE'S**  
**CAMPAIGN.**

**Sunday, December 20.**  
**UNIVERSAL ENROLMENT.**

**Monday, Dec. 21, to Saturday, Dec. 26.**  
**SPECIAL WAR CRY BOOM.**

**Sunday, December 27.**  
**JUNIOR SUNDAY.**

**Monday, Dec. 28, to New Year.**  
**SICK AND POOR WEEK.**

## Be Desperately in Earnest.

When he meets his soldiers in the special Siege council, he meets them in confidence and his very confidence inspires the corps and brings the completion of victory, the germ of which was sown in the stillness of that night-watch when he planned it.

The officer who does not plan prayerfully and carefully will fail. He fights as one who beats the air. He scarcely knows what to say to his soldiers, and he repeats a lot of dried-and-cut sentences which were once inspiring when fresh from an enthusiastic spirit, but which have lost all life and force. He is uncertain in his arrangements, and his disinterested manner does nothing to arouse his soldiers. The Siege is only a name to them—nothing more. Everything goes in the same old rut—"as it was, now is, and ever will be," is his conviction, which shuts off every effort beyond the customary functions.

The Siege comes and goes, and is past before he wakes up. He fails hopelessly. The devil laughs, the P. O. points out his failure, the soldiers grow cold, if not already so, crowds grow less, and no souls are saved. One day he will wake up to the bitterness of his defeat—but the opportunity is gone for ever.

Have you made certain of a right beginning? The victory begins with yourself—within yourself, and on your knees—there is no other starting-point in the Siege.

## Eastern Provincial Councils.

Lieut.-Colonel and Mrs. Sharp have just concluded a splendid series of officers' councils at St. John. One hundred and forty officers were present, besides many visiting Local Officers and soldiers. The Colonel was unexpectedly called away to attend the funeral services of the late beloved Consul, and could not be present until the last day of the councils, but Mrs. Sharp, assisted by Major Howell, ably conducted the first two days. God's Spirit was poured out upon us. The Colonel received an enthusiastic welcome home. The campaign closed with a great farewell and musical meeting. A number of officers were promoted. Full report to follow.

## Big Times at the "Soo."

The visit of Brigadier Pickering to Sault Ste. Marie was a great success. Magnificent crowds attended the meetings. Brigadier's address was eagerly listened to. Eighteen souls knelt at the mercy seat. Offerings excellent, considering things commercially. Interest in Army operations is increasing. Fine men are getting saved; twelve recruits enrolled; infant brass band, under Bandmaster Charlton, doing well. Capt. McNaney and Lieut. Jones are leading on victoriously. Captain's promotion to Ensign was enthusiastically received. Brigadier and Canadian band visited American Soo Sunday afternoon. Hall was full, two souls saved. Captain Meader and Lieut. Porter, who are in charge, are leading on, expecting big time. United Siege soldiers' council to-night.—Capt. Leggett.

## Kingsville Barracks Re-Opened.

Great were the expectations of the Kingsville soldiers and friends for the meetings on Saturday and Sunday in connection with the re-opening of our barracks. Colonel Jacobs had been announced, but on account of the sad death of Consul Booth-Tucker the Colonel could not be present. Converts and soldiers were grief-stricken over the sad loss of such a devoted leader. However, Brigadier Hargrave and Major Rawling conducted the opening services. In the afternoon the meeting was held in the town hall, also at night. Very large crowds attended. God was with us, and we had a good time.—Onlooker.

## Special Meetings at Sudbury.

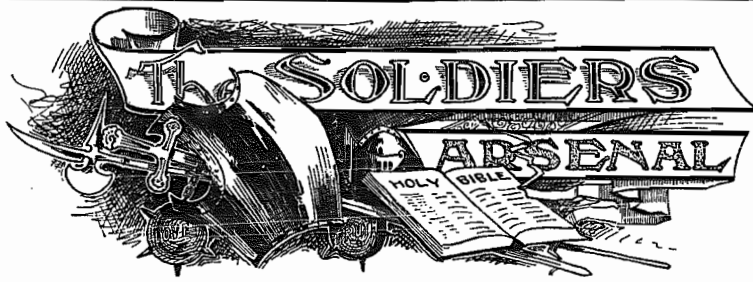
Beautiful week-end meetings conducted by Adj. Sims. One soul claimed holiness and a backslider requested our prayers. Crowds were A 1, and offerings over \$30. This being the first visit of the Adjutant for eight years, old friends were pleased to meet him again. His visit was a blessing to the soldiers, and a hearty welcome awaits him when he comes this way again.—Observer.

## Revival at Hamilton I.

Mighty outpouring of God's Spirit on our week-end meetings. Eleven souls for salvation last night, making twelve for the week-end, several of whom were never forward before. Officers, bandsmen, and soldiers are taking hold well. We are looking forward to a good time at the visit of Brigadier and Mrs. Southall.—Adj. McHarg.

## Officers' Councils at North Bay.

North Bay officers' councils, conducted by Brigadier Pickering, Provincial Officer, assisted by Staff-Capt. McAmmond, District Officer, were a great success. Officers inspired, corps thoroughly stirred, barracks crowded. First night two men volunteered for pardon. Demonstration second night held in Opera House, presided over by Mayor McKenzie. Building crowded in spite of storm. His Worship made very touching and sympathetic reference to Consul's death and Commissioner's sickness. Audience applauded the Brigadier's address, and the testimonies of facts were listened to attentively. Officers' singing much appreciated. Siege prospects excellent for District. Captain Bond has a good hold on the corps.—Captain Leggett.



### Notes on Genesis.

#### Chapter XXVIII.

##### ISAAC BLESSES JACOB.

Isaac follows the course adopted by his father, and now in blessing his son charges him that he shall not marry a woman of the Canaanites, but go to the house of Bethuel, and take one of Laban's daughters as his wife. Even in those early days God would not sanction His work being perpetuated by unhallowed means. He is able to carry on His work without having recourse to questionable methods. So-called "policy," or "diplomacy"—often synonymous with that which is double or underhanded—has never been a part of His government. Where it may have been adopted for momentary advantage, it invariably rebounds disadvantageously and with increased force. Esau, learning that his father has blessed Jacob, and commanded him not to marry a Canaanite, hurries away at once to marry one of Ishmael's daughters. He is kind and honest, but those qualities are so mixed up with that which is rude and rough, as that there is little susceptibility for that which is noble and higher. He is satisfied with what is visible, and, in short, is simply a profane, material person.

##### JACOB AT BETHUEL.

"A complex nature of manifold elements was that of Jacob. His cunning, and disposition to supplant or overrule, have been twice shown. Deceitfulness was a quality so conspicuous in his character as to have put him under the condemnation of all time. But at the same time he was possessed of many higher qualities than Esau. The latter quickly showed out all he was, but many years and diverse experiences were necessary to develop Jacob. In his more quiet soul there was a hiding of power—a susceptibility for divine things—a spiritual insight and longing that made him the fitter person to lead in the development of the chosen nation. The God of his fathers is now about to put him through a discipline that will eventually bring out his spiritual possibilities into bold relief. That which is now dead in him must be quickened by a divine energy from on high. He must suffer for his falsehood, and be wronged, and deceived, and humbled in many ways; and at the same time he must receive much light and strength from Jehovah before he can cease to be the unworthy Jacob and become the Prince of God."

"We think of the lonely, helpless man at the bottom of the ladder, and Jehovah at the top, and the angels ascending and descending, and at once the vision becomes a complete symbol. It indicates: (1) That there is a passageway for spirits between earth and heaven; an invisible bridge between God and man; but a way supernaturally prepared and spiritually discerned. (2) The ministry of angels. Whatever revelation had previously been made of angelic natures, and there had been not a few, this vision deepened and confirmed them all. (3) The special and mighty providence of God caring for His chosen by His own omnipresent gaze, and by innumerable ministering spirits. (4) The mystery of the Incarnation. The ladder was a symbol of the Son of Man, as Mediator of the New Covenant, upon whom the angels of God ascend and descend to minister to the heirs of salvation (John i. 52). On that mystery of grace Jehovah Himself comes down, as from the top of the ladder, and reaching frail and helpless man below, lifts him upward to the heavens and redeems him with the power of an endless life."

### Our Sacred Charter.

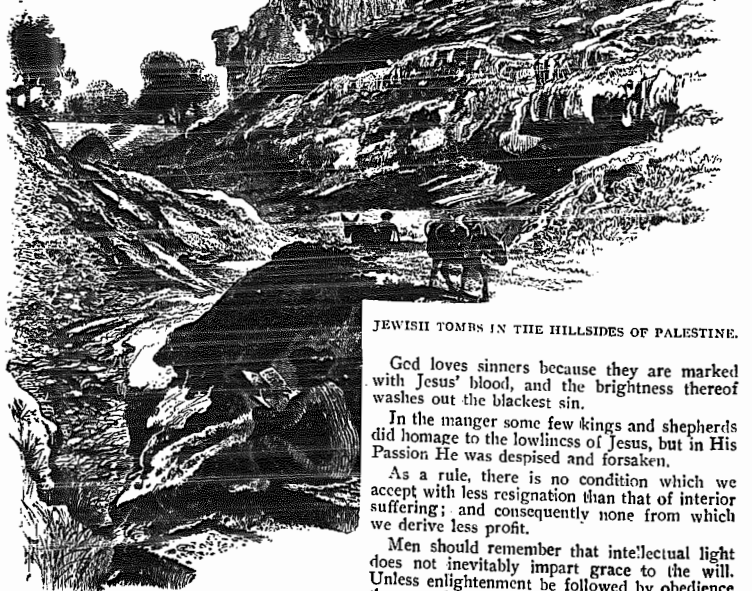
#### IV.—THE PROPHETICAL BOOKS.

##### 5.—DANIEL.

The book of Daniel falls into two divisions: chapters 1-6, the history of Daniel; chapters 7-12, visions and revelations given to Daniel.

Daniel was one of the princes of the royal family of Judah. In the palace of the King of Babylon he rose to the chief of the wise men, and ruler over the whole Province of Babylon. Carried captive at the age of from twelve to eighteen, in the fourth year of Jchoiakim (eight years before Ezekiel) he prophesied during the whole period of the captivity, and even two years after the return. He did not accompany the Jews back to Jerusalem, but died an exile when more than ninety years of age. B.C. 603 he interpreted Nebuchadnezzar's dream, which brought him into notice. Twenty-three years later the three Hebrew children were, in his absence, saved from the fiery furnace. Ten years afterwards he interpreted the King's second dream and acted as viceroy during the seven years of that monarch's madness. He lived in retirement during the reign of Belshazzar, who preferred younger counsellors, until the writing on the wall called him forth (B.C. 538). Afterwards he was promoted to the highest post of government by Darius, which he retained under Cyrus (536), thus serving under three dynasties—the Chaldean, the Median, and the Persian.

No one can read the book of Daniel without being taught lessons of sublime faith and having a firmer assurance of the ultimate triumph of the Kingdom of God. The book has in the past been blessed as an instrument of the Holy Spirit for the strengthening of the followers of Christ.



JEWISH TOMBS IN THE HILLSIDES OF PALESTINE.

God loves sinners because they are marked with Jesus' blood, and the brightness thereof washes out the blackest sin.

In the manger some few kings and shepherds did homage to the lowliness of Jesus, but in His Passion He was despised and forsaken.

As a rule, there is no condition which we accept with less resignation than that of interior suffering; and consequently none from which we derive less profit.

Men should remember that intellectual light does not inevitably impart grace to the will. Unless enlightenment be followed by obedience there can be no sanctification.

### Instruction Drill.

*What a Soldier Should Know About His Duties and Privileges, and the Teachings of the Salvation Army.*

#### XXII.—NO CONFORMITY TO THE WORLD.

By the world we mean the ungodly people who live in the rebellion against God, and, therefore, in sin.

The Salvation Soldier will renounce the world with all its fashions, follies, riches, pleasures, and will separate himself from it, not merely as a duty, but because he will find no pleasure in it.

He will, therefore, separate himself from—  
(a) Its pleasures and amusements. (b) Its fashions. (c) Its companionships.

#### XXIII.—NO SELFISHNESS.

By selfishness we mean that condition of mind and heart which leads a person to seek his own interests when by so doing he will be likely to deprive others of greater benefit.

The character of a true Salvation Soldier will come out in the manifestation of an unselfish spirit. In private and public, at home and abroad, and in the ranks, he will not seek his own comfort and honor first, but that of his comrades, or others about him.

### Pointed Truths.

In all labor there is profit, save in the service of sin.

A peaceful heart always thrives best with God and man.

Remembering the low esteem in which Jesus was held, can His consecrated servants hesitate to accept all humiliation and contempt?

## Evolution of the Salvation Army.

ITALY.—(Continued.)

We cannot imagine what it must be following the blood-and-fire flag in some of those renowned cities of Italy. With all the difficulties, which are exceptional, there must be something very enchanting—nay, inspiring—to carry the message of salvation to those Italians. Take, for example, Venice, the Queen of the Adriatic. Evening after evening our Italian officers with joy open our hall there to a more or less numerous public, interested and attentive, and by the help of God speak to them simply but faithfully.

Glory to God! because this work, though not understood by all, is not in vain. Souls are put under the conviction of sin; by faith our comrades see how the seed sown now for a long time past, already puts forth the blade and the ear, and how here and there it begins to grow golden, and, hallelujah! the day of reaping a rich harvest is not far off.

Lately our meetings in Venice have been attended by the sailors from English ships, which gives the Army an opportunity of having interesting Anglo-Italian meetings.

### A BURNING TESTIMONY.

"One Tuesday," states Angelo Penso, "our hearts were truly full of music and of singing. After having prayed much, two dear souls came forward to the penitent form to find in Christ forgiveness for their sorrowful past, and peace of heart. Dear souls! Their faces shone with the joy of having taken the step. 'Our lives seem quite changed,' they said to us; and you should have seen them start off with the *Grido di Guerra* (War Cry), to speak to sinners about the Jesus who had saved them. May God bless them and keep them faithful to the end."

One of these young men converts testified as follows:

"Dear Brothers,—How I wish I could express to you the immense happiness which I have enjoyed from the moment that I consecrated myself to God's service! I assure you it is not the same happiness as that which is found in worldly pleasures; that is to say, in public-houses, dancing-saloons, and certain other places where vice and corruption hold sway!

"It is a shame, is it not? but what will you? Vice made me blind, and prevented me from seeing the abyss which was before me. Oh, how many times I promised my dear parents to turn over a new leaf, but, alas! companions led me astray, and it seemed as if I could not live without them, without the public-house, the theatre, and such like. And with all this do not imagine that I was happy; quite otherwise. At last, Glory to God! one night I came in contact with the Salvation Army, where I heard them

speak against vice, drunkenness, blasphemy—against everything that is displeasing to God.

"I cast a glance over my past life, was ashamed of myself, and said inwardly, 'If only God, in His infinite mercy, would have pity on me and forgive my vile past, how happy I should be, and I would devote my life to His service for the good of my fellowmen!'

"But I feared I was too vile!

"Nevertheless, I never missed a meeting, and one night with joy I understood that Jesus could blot out my sins, and already I no longer felt the desire for worldly pleasures.

"My parents began to perceive that some little change had begun to come into my life. They asked me where I went to every evening, and why I always left the house at the same hour, and why I no longer went to the public-house where I used to spend almost every evening. I replied that I did not pass my evenings in another public-house, but at the Salvation Army hall. They asked me what this Salvation Army was, and I told them simply what I had read in a leaflet which the dear Ensign had given me, that it was a great organization, spread over nearly the whole world, composed of men and women converted and born again through the grace of God.

"Dear friends, I had not even finished speaking when all—and especially my dear mother—began to make fun of me; and from that time it is a continual fight. When I speak of the Salvation Army, they say that I was born a Christian, and that I ought to remain in that religion!

"To the remarks of my relations I could not say anything except 'But am I truly a Christian? If death were to come, am I ready to meet it?' But they would not understand, and on Tuesday evening, after seeing me kneel at Jesus' feet at the penitent form, they said they would no longer recognize me as their son. But—glory to God!—I was able to reply that I was very sorry, but even if it was so, I would follow Jesus Christ all the same, who is the redeemer of the world and the King of the universe.

"And now, dear brothers, I am saved, and—glory to God!—I can fight on without fear, because my Father in heaven gives me strength not to fail, and will make me a good soldier to fight in His holy cause. He will help me to snatch from the clutches of Satan the poor souls sunk in slavery, the victims of his cunning, even as I was myself!

"Courage, brothers! Get converted, and you will find joy and peace.—Angelo Penso."

Faint not e'en when thy torment grows intense—  
This momentary grief means gain immense;  
When fiercest flames the furnace—then most sure

And full the metal's flow, dross-cleansed and pure.

## The Sacred Tenth;

Or, Studies in Ancient Tithe-Giving.

X.—JACOB'S VOW.

When Jacob, at the outset of a long and dangerous journey is said to have vowed a vow, he did only what we have already seen was common among the Semites, the Greeks, and Romans; and indeed is practised to this day.

When in Bokhara, twenty years ago, I remember my Mohammedan interpreter telling me that before crossing the Trans-Caspian desert, he vowed that if God would bring him safely to Khiva, he would distribute bread to the prisoners in Bokhara. This vow he redeemed, and so was able to give me certain information I required about the structure of the prison.

Jacob vowed thus: "If God will be with me, and will keep me in the way that I go, and will give me bread to eat, and raiment to put on, so that I come again to my father's house in peace; then shall the Lord be my God: and this stone which I have set up for a pillar, shall be God's house: and of all that Thou shalt give me I shall surely give the tenth unto Thee."

Now, it will be remembered that Abram lived till the boyhood of Jacob: that Jacob was brought up in the faith of his grandfather: and that at Bethel God confirmed all the promises made to Abraham, upon Jacob and his posterity. What, then, could be more natural than that Jacob should avow himself ready to practise Abraham's religious observances? He promises to take the God of Abraham for his own God, to dedicate a certain place to His worship as did Abraham: and also to follow his grandfather's practice in dedicating to God a tenth of all he should receive.

We have not discovered, however, from the example, either of Abraham or Jacob, when, and where, the practice of the tithe-giving began, or who first promulgated the law of its observance. We have seen from secular literature that the practice was usually, or at all events frequently, connected with the payment of first-fruits, with a priesthood, and with the presenting of a sacrifice. And with all this the book of Genesis is quite in harmony.

We find therein four other persons who made offering of material things to God, namely, Cain and Abel, Noah and Isaac. In the case of Cain and Abel we have a farmer and a grazier each bringing the first-fruits of his increase, not so much as a propitiatory sacrifice (for we are not told they had sinned) but rather as a present or thankoffering to God in token of His Lordship over them; and which, according to the usually-received chronology, synchronises quite well with what we have read was done from the earliest times in Egypt; and which became an almost universally accepted idea in the ancient world, whether pagan or otherwise, that it was not lawful to eat of the new fruit until God's portion had been divided off from the rest.—Written and forwarded by Henry Lansdell, D.D.

### Empty Cells.

A despatch from Mount Pleasant, Texas, published in the Iowa New Commonwealth, gives a practical illustration of the change that prohibition, through local option, is bringing about in the Lone Star State. The despatch says: For the first time in forty years the county jail here is empty, the doors thrown open, and children playing in the cells. Last year the people banished the saloon from the country. Strange coincidence. Forty years with saloons and the jail occupied all the time. A few months without saloons and the jail is empty. Is there no connection between crime and saloon? Surely there must be. The Texas people are learning that this kind of a coincidence is a general rule, and county after county in this State is banishing the saloon.

A good conscience is a palace for Christ, a temple for the Holy Ghost, and a standing Sabbath for the saint.—Augustine.

Why should I flinch from the plough of my Lord which maketh deep furrows on my soul? I know He is no idle husbandman, He purpoth a crop.—S. Rutherford.



Capt. Liddell, Lieut. Seward, and Local Officers of the Pembroke Corps.

# The War Cry.

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## GAZETTE.

### Promotions—

ENSIGN F. KNIGHT to be ADJUTANT.  
ENSIGN A. LARDER to be ADJUTANT.  
Capt. J. Green to be ENSIGN.  
Capt. L. Richards to be ENSIGN.  
Capt. Greenland to be ENSIGN.  
Capt. G. Hudson to be ENSIGN.  
Capt. E. Martin to be ENSIGN.  
Capt. F. Anderson to be ENSIGN.  
Capt. S. McEachern to be ENSIGN.  
Capt. K. Miller to be ENSIGN.  
Capt. C. Stevens to be ENSIGN.  
Capt. J. Culbert to be ENSIGN.  
Capt. F. Clunk to be ENSIGN.  
Capt. Edwards to be ENSIGN.  
Capt. Leadley to be ENSIGN.  
Capt. T. Bloss to be ENSIGN.  
Capt. Slater to be ENSIGN.  
Capt. Randall to be ENSIGN.  
Capt. Brace, Nfld., to be ENSIGN.  
Capt. Cafe, Nfld., to be ENSIGN.  
Capt. Mully, Nfld., to be ENSIGN.  
Capt. Baggs, Nfld., to be ENSIGN.  
Capt. Bennett, Nfld., to be ENSIGN.  
Capt. Monlton, Nfld., to be ENSIGN.  
Capt. Ritchie, Nfld., to be ENSIGN.  
Capt. Oxford, Nfld., to be ENSIGN.  
Capt. McNaney to be ENSIGN.  
Lieut. Bushey to be Captain.  
Lieut. Duncan to be Captain.  
Lieut. McKay to be Captain.  
Lieut. Kenney to be Captain.  
Lieut. Legge to be Captain.  
Lieut. Newell to be Captain.  
Lieut. Crossman to be Captain.  
Lieut. M. Crocker to be Captain.  
Lieut. G. Lamb to be Captain.  
Pro-Lieut. W. Beattie to be Pro-Captain.  
Cadet S. Cave to be Pro-Lieutenant.  
Cadet J. Whitman to be Pro-Lieutenant.  
Cadet L. Shears to be Pro-Lieutenant.  
Cadet K. Pelly to be Pro-Lieutenant.  
Cadet Smyth to be Pro-Lieutenant.  
Cadet Maisey to be Pro-Lieutenant at West Ontario Provincial Headquarters.

### Appointments—

ADJUT. ANDREWS, T. F. S. Pacific Province, to New Westminster.  
ENSIGN T. BLOSS to be T. F. S. Central Ontario Province.  
ENSIGN POOLE to be T. F. S. West Ontario Province.  
ENSIGN EDWARDS to be T. F. S. East Ontario Province.  
ENSIGN LEADLEY to be T. F. S. Eastern Province.  
ENSIGN ROWAN, late on furlough, to Brockville.  
ENSIGN BRADBURY, Montreal, to Deseronto.  
ENSIGN GAMMAIDGE, Deseronto, to Kemptville.  
ENSIGN McDONALD, Kinmount, to Campbellford.  
Capt. Shanley to be T. F. S. Pacific Province.

### Married—

ENSIGN W. BRADBURY, who came out of Bay Roberts, Nfld., 26.9.90, to ENSIGN A. HUTT, who came out from Halifax, N.S., 19.8.93, on October 26th, '93, at Kingston, Ont., by Brigadier Turner.

Capt. Peter Oxford, who came out from Pilley's Island, 1895, to Capt. Susie Hiscock, who came out from Scilly Cove, 29.5.94, Oct. 3rd, '93, at Pilley's Island, by Staff-Capt. McGillivray.

### Marriage (previously omitted)—

STAFF-CAPT. ARTHUR C. PERRY, who came out from Yarmouth, N.S., 5.11.90, and last Assistant Territorial Training Home, Toronto, to ADJUTANT ADA THOMAS, who came out from Norwich, Ont., 12.5.90, and last stationed at Sudbury, at the Temple, Toronto, 3.8.93, by Brigadier Southall.

EVANGELINE C. BOOTH,  
Commissioner.

### Latest About the Commissioner's Health.

(By Wire.)

Commissioner had a trying week; suffered much from sleepless nights, but manifested great patience and fortitude. Her condition has been more critical. She is, however, improving slowly and leans upon God's faithfulness and the prayers and sympathy of her people. I am hoping to bring Commissioner to Toronto on Thursday.—Lieut.-Colonel Pugmire.



### A Legal Victory.

Some months ago some party in Hamilton, Ont., sued the Salvation Army for damages sustained in a railway accident, said to have been caused by the horse being frightened by the Army procession. We have good reason to claim that the accident was not due to the cause claimed, but even supposing the Hamilton corps had been in fault, what possible ground is there to sue the Salvation Army for damages? Would one think of entering into a law suit with any church because one of its members, in discharge of any function, caused an accident? On these grounds the Army's solicitor objected, and his objection was finally sustained in a ruling that the Salvation Army as an organization could not be sued for damages. We are pleased to record this ruling, as a contrary one would have placed us at a great disadvantage to all the mischievous and antagonistic element which does not hesitate to stoop to many subterfuges in order to throw discredit upon the Army. Thank God, that element is not very strong in Canada, but still it exists here and there. Again, it would place the Army on a different legal standing to all other similar organizations, and the law should be no more a respecter of organizations than of persons.

Rightful legal or moral claims the Army is always ready to recognize and to concede without waiting for legal proceedings, which, we are pleased to say, have been very few in our experience.

We are as anxious as ever to receive original salvation songs, but must insist on our hymn-writers not using the words of other authors, as we regret to say has frequently been done. This is called plagiarism, and is a very wrong thing to do—no wonder the waste-paper basket devours such contributions. First of all, get an inspiration or a thought, then sit down and write your verses, having some respect for rhythm or metre. The Song Editor may "know a thing or two," and be able to correct a few grammatical errors, but he cannot undertake to reconstruct whole songs.

The father of Staff-Capt. Cass has passed over the river, from Cleveland, Ohio. Capt. Baird has also lost his mother. The prayers of our comrades are requested for the bereaved.



The Trade Secretary is sending to each corps in the Territory a "dummy" Christmas War Cry, showing the cover, with blank pages, together with a copy of the magnificent supplement, to enable War Cry sellers to take orders ahead. Our comrades throughout the Territory can be quite sure that the contents of this special issue will fully justify the announcements made.

We would refer our boomers to page 14 of this issue of the Cry for particulars regarding the prizes offered for Christmas Cry sales. It will be seen that the small corps, as well as the large, have been taken into consideration, making it possible for all to enter into the competition.

All will admit that the price of our Christmas number is extremely low, while the Cry compares favorably with any other journal which costs five times as much. Not one advertisement disfigures its pages, while it is full of pleasing illustrations and instructive reading.

The train on which Staff-Capt. Goodwin traveled to Vancouver was seriously wrecked. It appears when nearing a piece of trestle work a log rolled down the mountain side and struck the train. The engineer stopped his engine and got off to see the extent of the damage. While doing so the trestle work suddenly collapsed, carrying with it the engine and tender, which were already on the trestle work. Happily no lives were lost. It is doubly gratifying, therefore, to know that the Staff-Captain has safely reached her appointment, and matters at Vancouver are hopeful for a good winter's salvation campaign. Brigadier McMillan conducted her welcome meeting, at which there was a harvest of souls.

Adj. Coate called at the Editorial Office before proceeding to an appointment in Southern Pennsylvania. The Adjutant, with Mrs. Coate, have been on furlough at Oshawa.

A pointed question put by the *Spokane Rustlers* "Can you tell why the War Cry is so seldom sung out of, or even offered for sale to the hundreds of people who listen to our open-air meetings, when this is the only opportunity many of them have of getting a copy?"

The Territorial Headquarters is a hive of industry wherever you look. The Etching Department, at the top of the building, is turning out engravings by the score, measuring half an inch square to the large etchings on copper for the Christmas supplement, while directly underneath the tailors and tailoresses are struggling with more work than that department has yet known. Down another flight of stairs the folding-room presents an equally lively scene, while on the ground floor a deafening noise is heard by the clatter of machinery. There is not one press idle, even the little Gordon is going for all the speed she is worth. The composing-room is equally busy. The Editorial Staff are working exceptionally hard on Christmas publications, and all other members of the fraternity, from the Chief Secretary down, are very busy with urgent Territorial matters.

Staff-Capt. and Mrs. Manton have returned to the Territorial Centre after an absence of a couple of months in Uncle Sam's domain. Nearly every night meetings were conducted, and not without spiritual results. The Staff-Captain feels somewhat weary after his lengthy journey and almost incessant toils, but is as eager as ever to push forward the salvation war.

Major Stanyon, almost immediately after his return from New York, received a wire stating that his brother's wife, at Collingwood, had passed away to be with Jesus. Both the deceased and her husband have been for many years faithful soldiers of the Salvation Army.

Capt. Maggie Porter has been taken seriously ill with typhoid fever.





### West Indies.

Referring to his recent trip, Lieut.-Colonel Rauch states:

"My Western tour, from which I returned yesterday, has been full of encouragement and cheer. It included a visit to each corps in the Division except one, and embraced a variety of meetings for the public as well as private gatherings for our own officers and soldiers. The chief feature of the tour has been the adding of quite a number of new soldiers to our ranks, even so that the Division has gained a net increase of over forty soldiers since the tour commenced. Two new buildings have been started recently, one at Haddo and one at Hopewell; and altogether Adj. and Mrs. Simons and the Western officers are to be congratulated upon the improvements which are apparent in the West.

A Christmas number of the War Cry has been promised for the West Indies. The circulation of the Cry has risen to 11,000; they are now aiming at 12,000.

Adj. and Mrs. Glasspool have been transferred from the West Indies to India.

### Australasia.

Colonel Peart, the Chief Secretary of Australasia, has returned to Melbourne, after an absence of four months in England and on the Continent. A public reception was given the Colonel on his arrival, and judging by the spirit of the report, the welcome was excellent. Being a Colonial the Colonel never had the opportunity of seeing the Army in the Motherland. His health, therefore, has not only benefited by his long sea voyage, but his experience has been considerably widened, and he has returned to the antipodes full of new ideas and zeal for the Salvation war.

Self-Denial continues to be the all-absorbing topic throughout Australasia, and a mighty effort is being made to beat record S-D returns. That our comrades will meet with their highest expectations we doubt not, if the tone of the messages and reports of the Australian War Cry can be taken for anything.

A great deal is being made of the International Congress in London, Eng., by our comrades in the Land of the Southern Cross. It is evident Australasia is to be well represented there.

We are told in a report of the visit of Lieut.-Colonel Hoskin to Port Melbourne, accompanied by the Headquarters Staff Band, that Major John McMillan made matters move.

The Australian Cry announces the arrival of the General in Adelaide on Jan. 4th, 1904. He will then journey via Melbourne to Launceston and Hobart. He then proceeds to Invercargill, Dunedin, Christchurch, Wellington, and Auckland, in New Zealand, then returns to Australia, leaving Perth on May 8th for London, Eng., arriving in time to conduct the great International Congress.

### United States.

Memorial services of the Consul have been conducted throughout the United States, which have been very largely attended by a sympathetic public.

The Chief Secretary, Colonel Higgins, refers to the Consul as follows:

"How some of us have wished that if she had to go, we could have gathered around her dying bed and grasped her hand once more and received her parting blessing and listened to her

dying wishes; But for some wise purpose this was withheld from us all.

"I have talked with her many times of dying. I do not think she expected to die so early; her constant anxiety for the Commander, and the depth of sorrow in which she would be plunged should anything ever happen to him. But she always lived each day in such a fashion as to be prepared for any sudden call. She hated to put anything off. The present was her great opportunity, and often after weary and exhausting meetings she would get me to help her to do something which she felt should be done without any delay. Her last week at Amity appears unconsciously to have been spent in doing everything she wanted done, so that we find every knot tied, every promise fulfilled, everybody remembered.

"Then, what a Salvationist she was! I have never heard her say a single word which could have been ever misconstrued into a wonderment as to her standing in this respect. She believed in the Army, in its principles, in its government, in its future, in its possibilities, and it was the building up of a kingdom on earth for Jesus to control that occupied her thoughts and filled all her life."

Staff-Capt. White, with a party of Salvationists, have had a tour in the mountains of West Virginia, traveling 120 miles on horseback out of the 300 miles covered. Thirty-three meetings were conducted, attended by 3,000 people. The party found the people very kind, who begged them to come again.

Mr. Stevens, of Hoboken, has donated a building valued at \$6,000, upon a lot 100x40, to the Salvation Army, which will be used at a Divisional Headquarters, and for the accommodation of an Army corps.

### Great Britain.

A photograph of the late Consul Mrs. Booth-Tucker adorns the frontpage of the British War Cry this week, and a number of pages are devoted to the memory of the now-glorified Consul. The most touching contribution appears under the heading, "Breaking the News to the General," reprinted in full in this issue of the War Cry.

Hardly less sad was the duty of informing the Chief of the Staff of the Consul's death.

On Wednesday, we learn, the Chief of the Staff spent his last "day" with the present contingent of Cadets at the Training Home. He had remained at Clapton several nights, but had been home and devoted some time to Army affairs with the General next morning, which prevented him reaching International Headquarters until about eleven o'clock. In the meantime a telegram, conveying information of the accident, which got to London during the night, was opened by Commissioner Pollard in the ordinary way.

The Chief, on entering the office, observed an agitated look on Commissioner Pollard's face, and in answer to an inquiry the Commissioner gave his first hint of the nature of the calamity.

A few pointed questions and the narrative, practically as above related, excepting the positive announcement of death, was disclosed. In an instant the aspect of affairs around underwent a change, for there is a sense in which the loss of Consul Booth-Tucker comes with special desolation to the Chief.

American and other press agencies which were receiving messages over their wires were at once communicated with, and with that courtesy which characterizes all their dealings with the Army, they placed copies of the same before the Chief, the latest leaving no manner of doubt that the Consul had succumbed to her injuries.

The Chief's behavior under the ordeal was

that of a well-balanced and brave leader and an affectionate brother. Not a murmur against the dispensation escaped his lips. His first thoughts were for the General, and the stricken Commander, and the children, and then for the Army, born, so it would appear, to cement its foundations and qualify its leaders for the conflicts and conquests before it by trial and sorrow and bereavement.

The Chief at once cabled his inexpressible sympathy with the Commander, then to the Field Commissioner, and Commissioner Booth-Hellberg, and gave Commissioner Howard directions for acquainting the leading officers of the Army in other lands with the news of the sad event; Commissioner Coombs was authorized to inform the officers of Great Britain; while Commissioner Pollard was advised to see those on International Headquarters. Then came unquestionably the saddest task which has fallen to the lot of the Chief, namely, acquainting his father, the General. But in that, as indeed in all the mournful proceedings connected with the catastrophe, our leader was graciously led and upheld by the divine hand.

Memorial services have been conducted throughout the whole of Great Britain, the most important of which was in the Congress Hall, where the General and the Chief of the Staff presided. Long before the doors of the hall were opened crowds clamored for admission. The meeting itself was one of the most impressive in the history of the Salvation Army, and the General was mightily upheld by the Spirit of God.

Cables, telegrams, and letters of sympathy have reached the General and the Chief of the Staff from Salvationists and friends all over the world. Among the many is one from the Chief Rabbi in London, Dr. Alder, who left his card at International Headquarters with the words, "With profound sympathy, praying to Him who bindeth the broken-hearted and healeth all his wounds."

Another from a newsboy of London, who said to Brigadier Noyce, "I knows what sorrow is. I lost my father and mother when six," and then prayed, in his way, for the General, an eloquent testimony to the touch of sympathy between the Army and the people—particularly the order in whose society the paper-seller lives and moves and has his being.

During the past four weeks the City Colony institutions provided 84,138 cheap shelters for the homeless, and sold 201,628 meals at cheap rates.

### Specials at Springhill and Yarmouth.

(By Wire.)

Colonel Sharp, Capt. Riley, and Evangelistic Quartet specialised at Springhill for week-end. Mighty outpouring of God's Spirit; the best week-end for years. Crowds excellent, building packed. Colonel excelled himself. Everybody delighted with the music and song from troupe. Eighteen souls, fourteen for salvation.—Adj. Cave.

Visit of Eastern Revivalists to Yarmouth has been a success in every way. Large crowds attended. Band turned out nearly every night, fighting hard for souls. People delighted with Revivalists. In ten days twenty-two for consecration and holiness and twenty for salvation. Hallelujah! Finances excellent.—Adj. F. Knight.

### IMPORTANT NOTICE!

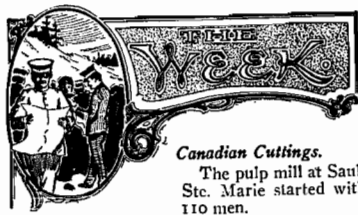
Officers desiring to go to England next summer with the Canadian Contingent to the International Congress should make their application *at once* to the Chief Secretary.

Permission to go cannot be granted unless applications are sent to the Chief Secretary not later than December 1st.

Officers who wish to earn their fare to the Congress have a splendid opportunity of doing so in the special offer made in connection with the Christmas War Cry, and any increase they may be able to order in their weekly supply afterwards.







Canadian Cuttings.

The pulp mill at Sault Ste. Marie started with 110 men.

Fourteen Italians were fined \$15 and costs at Niagara for participating in the recent riots.

Kyruk, the Galician, was found guilty of manslaughter, at Winnipeg, and recommended to mercy.

The Lozar Hotel, at Ridgetown, was wrecked by an explosion of acetylene gas. G. W. Atkinson, of the London Advertiser, and A. B. Weir, of Ridgetown, were killed, and several injured, of whom two may die.

Sir Frederick Borden has concurred in the purchase of thirty thousand acres near Kazuhazua, as a site for a central military training camp.

The foreign trade of the Dominion for the last four months exceeded \$179,000,000, an increase of \$22,000,000 over the corresponding months of the preceding year.

The Montreal Street Railway Company's offer for a renewal of franchise was rejected by the City Council.

On the Kirkella branch of the C.P.R. a work train ran into a string of cars on an open switch. Two men were killed and three others seriously hurt.

Lorenzo Loveless, who lives in Combermere, was shot by his brother in mistake for a deer.

#### U. S. Siftings.

Search by a physician and surgeon for a human right ear of certain shape and size, the owner of which was willing to part with the organ in return for \$5,000, has been concluded. Hundreds of persons applied in answer to the doctor's advertisement. Each was examined, and the right man was found in the person of a German restaurant-keeper, whose turn of ill-fortune recently had made him ready to sacrifice both ears if necessary. The man to whom the ear will be transferred is a wealthy western mine-owner.

A ten per cent. reduction in the wages of about 40,000 Massachusetts cotton operatives is announced.

From Oct. 1st to Nov. 10th over 27,000 laborers, who were unable to obtain employment in the United States, returned to Europe.

United States Minister Powell has refused to hold communication with the Dominican rebels, who have asked for recognition.

The "cannonball" express on the Illinois Central crashed into the McComb accommodation. Forty persons were killed and forty-three injured.

It is declared that within a year telephonic communication will be established between New York and London.

The Democrats of the United States Senate, it is said, have decided to strongly oppose the action of the Administration in regard to Panama.

A strike of 3,000 Chicago street car employees led to scenes of disorder.

#### British Briefs.

The Rome correspondent of the Times says there are abundant evidences of the sympathy and interest with which the King's visit to England is regarded in Italy.

Lord Kitchener met with an accident by which one of his legs was broken in two places.

#### International Items.

During the last few weeks in South Russia there have been disturbances of the Armenians in several towns of the Caucasus. At Kursk twenty-five teachers and minor officials were arrested. At Rostoff seventy-four students were arrested, charged with Socialism. Most of the persons arrested have been banished to distant towns and villages, where they organize revol-

tionary committees, and are spreading the movement rapidly.

Previous reports of a conspiracy of Bulgarian and Servian officers to provoke war with Turkey have been officially confirmed. According to these reports, Turkey was to be attacked by the combined armies of the two countries.

Announcement was made before the Egyptian Exploration Fund of remarkable discoveries of ancient papyri dealing with the sayings of Christ.

The Times has the following from a special correspondent, dated at Monastir: In an eight-days' tour around Lake Okhrida I have seen twenty-two villages in ruins, undoubtedly destroyed by troops. The majority of them were absolutely deserted. Those inhabitants who have had the courage to return are living in hovels constructed out of the debris saved from their former homes. At Kastoria the troops killed a priest the other day, also two Bulgarians.

The Russian military reoccupation of Mukden, Manchuria, has caused such tension and has aroused such an aggressive attitude on the part of China that the continued despatch of troops to the far East is now said to be directed against China, in spite of the pacific (?) turn of the Russian-Japanese dispute. The 250,000 troops ordered to the far east when hostilities appeared imminent are being continually added to. The Chinese Foreign Office admits that its policy is to await the developments of the Russian-Japanese negotiations, hoping that will result in a partial restoration of Manchuria. The idea of closer relations between China and Japan is spreading rapidly.

The submarine torpedo experiments near Cherbourg were considered by naval experts the most important evidence yet adduced of the efficacy of this branch of naval warfare, in which the French naval officers put absolute confidence. The very swift, quick maneuvering, armor-plated gunboat Grenade had every opportunity of defending herself against the attack of the submarine torpedo flotilla, the projectiles of which were torpedoes loaded with sufficient explosive charge to clearly indicate whenever the target gunboat was hit.

Articles valued at \$3,500,000 were destroyed by fire on the St. Petersburg-Moscow mail train.

King Alfonso of Spain is to visit London, Berlin, Paris, and other capitals.

The Kaiser's recovery from the operation upon his larynx continues unchecked.

### INTERESTING AND INSTRUCTIVE.

Fish kept in filtered water will die. This is because the nutriment in the fluid has been filtered out of it. What is nutriment to the fish, however, proves injurious to mankind, when it is taken as a beverage.

Cranberry culture is the greatest gamble in the entire fruit industry. In a successful year a good bog often nets the grower 20 per cent. on his investment. But the very next season he may lose his entire crop.

The housefly, with a total life of about ten days, develops in these periods: Egg from laying to hatching, one-third of a day; hatching of larva to first molt, one day; second molt to pupation, three days; pupation to issuing of the adult, five days.

About a square mile of France has been won away by the English Channel in the last five years. In North Brittany has been noted a gradual subsidence of the land, which has been in progress since 709, at which time the Channel Islands were joined to the coast by an Isthmus.

An interesting discussion is going on in one of the Belgian papers as to whether widowhood or widowhood tends to suicide. The result of statistics on the subject proves that single blessedness leads to mental disorder and suicide, especially among women, who, obliged to provide for themselves, fall into monetary difficulties.

### WHY NOT WRITE A LETTER

to those people who live rather too far away to make it possible for you to invite them personally to come on People's Sunday to the Barracks? Many will come if you take that trouble, who would not do so otherwise.

The production of oranges in the United States amounts to 12,000,000 boxes per annum, of which 10,000,000 boxes are produced in California and 2,000,000 boxes in Florida. The consumption of lemons in the United States amounts to 3,000,000 cases per annum, of which 1,000,000 cases are produced in California, the remainder being imported.

The several varieties of the eucalyptus tree, of which there are about 150, are held by foresters to be unequalled as a forest cover, as wind-breaks, as shade trees, as a source of timber, fuel, oil, and honey, and as improvers of climate. The tree has already served more esthetic and utilitarian purposes than all other forest trees that have been planted on this continent.

### Our Medical Column.

#### TYPHUS FEVER.

This disease presents an extreme similarity to the one just described, typhoid—also indicated by the respective names. Indeed, it was for a long time uncertain whether they were really two separate and distinct diseases, or were merely manifestations of the same disease. The question, however, has long since been decided, not only by a closer study of the appearance of the disease, but also by the evidence that they occur under different circumstances and from different causes. Typhoid fever occurs, as has been stated, only in children, but also in sporadic or scattered cases, which may occur in any class of society, and among individuals whose hygienic surroundings are good. Typhus fever, on the other hand, is almost entirely confined to the accumulation of the effluvia from human bodies, especially in close quarters, and occurs in the crowded and filthy quarters of towns, in ill-kept camps, in the crowded military camps. It is especially frequent in winter, because during the season people are more closely crowded in these localities, and spend a greater number of hours per day in the close and foul air of their dwellings. So common, indeed almost exclusive, is this disease in crowded quarters, that it is variously termed, ship fever, jail fever, and camp fever. In our country it is usually confined to the large cities on the east coast, to which it is brought by ships, especially by the emigrant vessels arriving from Ireland. This is well illustrated by an epidemic which occurred in the years 1891-5, in New York City. A committee of the Medical Board of Bellevue Hospital, appointed to investigate the origin of the disease, ascertained that the first case observed was that of a child who had come from Ireland to this country two weeks before the outbreak of the disease. From this child the fever attacked the development of individuals in the same tenement house and in an adjoining building. In six weeks the disease occurred in the tenements within three months. During the two succeeding years the cases of typhus fever which were received into Bellevue Hospital came almost entirely from these sources and their immediate vicinity.

Unlike typhoid fever, the disease under discussion is eminently communicable. While typhoid fever seems to be communicated through the discharges of the patient, and the use of infected drinking water, it is by no means established that it is ever acquired by simple contact with the discharges from the patient. On the other hand, it is readily communicated by the presence in the patient's room. This was illustrated in Bellevue Hospital, during the epidemic which referred to above. In this epidemic, at this time there were in the hospital twenty-two resident medical officers, of whom fifteen were attacked by typhus fever; of these fifteen, eight were referred to the hospital while performing medical duty in the fever wards, two others while taking care of an associate who had contracted the disease. Quite a number of the hospital attendants, and nurses, who had admitted the hospital for other complaints, also contracted the disease. Yet immediate contact with a patient seems to be necessary, and even then the danger of infection is much diminished if the room be well-ventilated.

**Symptoms.**—The stage of incubation seems to be somewhat shorter than that of typhoid fever, the patients are usually compelled to take to bed within two or three days after the manifestation of the first symptoms. During this time the appearance and history of the case are essentially the same as in typhoid fever, with the exception of one feature: the signs of intestinal difficulty are usually absent. The temperature usually exhibits the same features as in typhoid, except that mental activity is arrested earlier in the disease, and hence the dull, listless expression is earlier exhibited. The delirium and prostration are manifested earlier, as a rule, than in typhoid fever. The tongue presents less frequently the brown, glazed, dusky appearance characteristic of typhoid, but is more commonly covered with a thick black coating, and the patient exhibits inflammation of the bowels, characteristic of typhoid fever, as evidenced in typhus; hemorrhage from the bowels and perforation of the bowels are scarcely rare events. The skin, too, usually presents a marked difference between the two diseases. An eruption very similar indeed to that of typhoid, but more profuse and generally more extensive, is in the great majority of cases, present at some point in every case of typhus fever. The spots, too, are not raised, as in typhoid fever, but are simply discolorations of the skin, which cannot be distinguished by the finger from the surrounding skin; they are smaller than the spots of the skin, do not come and go as in the case of the latter, and sometimes terminate in an eruption of orkherg.

Typhus fever is usually of shorter duration than typhoid, the average period being fourteen to sixteen days. It attacks adults more frequently than children, though the latter are by no means exempt.

**Treatment.**—The general principles recommended for the treatment of typhoid fever are applicable also to this allied affection, yet one feature, important as it is in the treatment of typhoid, is absolutely essential in all cases of typhus fever, namely, to keep the patient cool. The accumulated experience in hospitals, camps, and jails, show that the mortality cannot be diminished by treating these cases in open air, tents, or sheds, the only essential remaining essentially the same. During the New York epidemic, already referred to, the mortality was not less than in the hospital wards was one case in six, while in the tents on Blackwell's Island it was but one case in seventeen.

Lemon juice and salt will remove rust stains from linen without injury to the fabric if you wet the stains with the mixture several times while it is bleaching in sunshine. Two or three applications may be necessary if the stain be an old one.

### ARE YOU GOING TO

### Promote Yourself

to the rank of Invitation Sergeant to help to make the People's Sunday a success?



## Breaking the News to the General.

THE CHIEF OF THE STAFF TAKES THE TIDINGS OF  
THE CONSUL'S DEATH TO THE GENERAL.

It fell to the Chief of the Staff, whose shoulders have carried so many heavy burdens, to unfold the sad news to the General. Commissioner Pellard accompanied the Chief to Hadley Wood, where the General, all alone, was preparing for the coming International Congress, entirely ignorant of the fact that one of the expectant and prominent figures of that event had passed into the Heavenly Chamber of the King.

With that prudence and consideration which marks the Chief's handling of all matters of sorrow and death, an arrangement was carried out by which the blow would not reach the father's heart in the nature of a sudden shock, though in any case it was bound to appal, if not overwhelm, him.

The Chief was not expected, so that when he entered the General's room, our leader, prepared by the news of an accident, saw the sequel but too clearly printed on his son's face.

"You have received a further message?" asked the General.

The Chief made no verbal reply. He merely assented.

"Then it is the worst!" exclaimed the General.

What followed is too sacred for recital in printed words, even though there are tens of thousands of the General's spiritual children throughout the world almost eager to learn how their spiritual father met this mighty wave of sorrow and bereavement.

For several minutes he was silent. Neither General nor Chief could or would utter a word, and when they did it was not so much an expression of their own loss—unutterable as that is—as of that wider and bigger loss—the loss to the Army and the world.

It was a sad day for the General, comforted though he was by the presence of the Chief and Mrs. Booth, and messages of the deepest and tenderest sympathy from far and near. But it was also a day when the triumph of faith over feeling and mystery was as unmistakable as we have been accustomed to realize it when confronted with devils or enveloped in spiritual darkness. The General bravely struggled with the waves of sorrow, and some of his sayings to the Chief, and the faithful, devoted officers who gathered round him in the course of the evening, not only deserve to be preserved as evidences of that hope and confidence in God which made Abraham and Job and the apostles "more than conquerors," but as an inspiration to the Army in all the vicissitudes and trials through which it yet must pass.

For instance, could anything be more to the point than, "We are far too inclined to confine the victories of faith to triumphs at the penitent form, or over our enemies, or financial depression and difficulties. The Martyrs conquered the flames. They sang while the faggots were being heaped together for their burning. There was no sense of defeat there. Faith ascended beyond the flames and the smoke: it looked into the future. We must go through our furnaces in the same spirit."

The patriarch cried, "Though Thou slay me, yet will I trust Thee." In like manner our beloved Commander-in-Chief is leading us to-day.

Yet the General, strong, mighty as he is, is but human. When the Chief left the General for the night the desolation of the separation seemed to strike our leader with renewed force. Memories, heart-yearnings, contrasts, desires, imaginings of the effect on the Commander, the children, and on his precious daughters in America, Canada, and Switzerland, mingled with

simple, beautiful, and inspiring expressions of his trust in God.

"I have not lost her," he would say, gazing into the declining fire in the grate. "It can't be so very long before I join her. She has gone to her mother."

Then a pause.

"That was a rough entering to the Gates of Paradise. . . . This is October? . . . Yes. It was in October her mother passed away. . . . She was the least, most inadequately-estimated girl of the family. Comparatively few knew her. . . . But I knew her. Dear Emma! . . . It seems a sort of treason to talk of anything, or think of anything but her, and yet the war must go on. . . . My loss is great, great—irreparable. But it is not my loss I am so much concerned over. It is that of her family and her husband, and this poor, sinning, God-forgetting world, and of the Kingdom of Heaven down here. . . . Why was she taken? But that is not in my hands. 'Thy will be done!'"

The loneliness of the hour before the General retired for the night was broken by prayers, at which only two beside the General were present—the faithful housekeeper and the writer, who happened to be called down on other business. A touch of special strength seemed to be imparted to our leader while kneeling by his desk, his fine head reclining on his arm. His cry was that

### A Tribute.

*Note silenced is the bugle cry,  
The banners all are furled,  
Because so still a heart doth lie  
That throbb'd for all the world!*

*And slow the tread of marching corps,  
And muffled now the drum,  
Because kind eyes will smile no more,  
Because sweet lips are dumb.*

*And now are tears where once were  
cheers,  
Flags drooping from half-mast,  
Because fair hands that toiled for years  
Have found their rest at last.*

*Now loosened Friendship's silver cord,  
And crushed Love's golden bowl,  
But memories of her are stored  
Like jewels, in the soul!*

—MIRIAM HANNA.

of a great man holding tight, like a child in a storm, to the hand of his parent.

"Keep us from sinking, Lord. Help the children. . . . Dear Tucker, assuage his grief. Hold him up. And Eva—and Lucy—and . . . Lord, help them all. Help me! . . . Amen."

The General, ever the General, strong in the day of adversity, and mighty in his very weakness, rose to his feet, and in clear, strong, tender words blessed the little company and said, "Good-night!"

A time-saving method of handling baggage has been adopted by the Michigan Central. Instead of throwing out the baggage on a truck and loading from another truck at each station the truck is carried in the baggage car and loaded in transit. At each station the loaded truck is run off on the platform, and another, loaded and waiting, is run on. The remarkable feature of it is that nobody thought of it before.

The Railway Engineering Review describes the first important trip made by the submarine boat constructed near St. Petersburg, Russia, as a brilliant success. The journey from Kronstadt to Djorkoe and back was made in thirty-six hours, of which twenty-six were passed uninterrupted below water, the submarine making eight or ten knots an hour. Though a terrible storm was raging in the Gulf of Finland at the time, it is stated that the effect of the waves was not felt.

## THE DRUG HABIT.

This modern indulgence has grown to such an extent that it has been the subject of an investigation by the American Pharmaceutical Association and a practical discussion in leading medical journals. The opium habit has increased to an alarming extent during recent years, and it has been shown that a majority of the class known as habitual criminals are addicted to the drug. Both in army and navy the use of opium has developed very rapidly. Some of the soldiers acquired the habit of opium-smoking in the east, and the practice has found fruitful soil in the idle routine of soldier life. In the navy this method of taking the drug is less common, but the habit of opium-eating has been acquired, to some extent, in intercourse with natives of foreign countries. Cocaine, a more recent innovation, is making even more serious inroads into the mental and physical health of the people. A single drug store in an American city is reputed to be selling many ounces of this drug every day with as

### LITTLE COMPUSSION

as if they were harmless to its users. Nine-tenths of the users of cocaine have fallen into the habit through taking prescriptions or patent medicines. This drug is rapidly superseding opium among the social outcasts of American cities. The importation of cocaine salts in the United States has increased from \$176,948 worth in 1901 to \$254,704 in 1902, and a greater proportionate increase for the first nine months of 1903. The use of smoking-opium has increased in a similar manner, but the same was not so true of the morphine salt in 1902, although it has greatly increased in importation in the present year. Over 100,000 pounds of opium for smoking purposes were imported into the United States last year.

There are now a large number of drugs to which the mentally weak resort to produce hilarity, stupor, or morbid dreams of happiness. Each new drug immediately

### FINDS A WIDE CIRCLE OF DEVOTEES.

The most striking instance of a new discovery is the intoxicating power of cordite, an explosive used in the cartridges served to the British in South Africa. The absence of alcoholic beverages was no doubt a stimulant to many experiments. The discoverer did not patent or conceal his knowledge, and cordite intoxication became with some of the troops a familiar indulgence. Major Jennings, in The Journal of the Royal Army Corps, tells of the discovery of this intoxicant and of its effect on the men addicted to its use. It is made of nitro-glycerine, gun-cotton, and vaselin, and is formed not in powder, but in long cords resembling vermicelli. Major Jennings described it as sweet, pleasant, and pungent to the taste, a single strand producing a headache lasting about twenty-four hours. Dissolved in tea, it produces almost immediate exhilaration, inciting almost demoniacal actions, which is followed by a heavy sleep or torpor lasting from five to twelve hours, according to the quantity taken. If beer is taken after the cordite tea it produces a still worse effect, exciting

### A QUARRELSOME AND DESTRUCTIVE MANIA

and producing the most rapid intoxication. Major Jennings thinks the effects are sufficiently forcible and unpleasant to prevent all but the most depraved from resorting to cordite as a cerebral stimulant or a sedative.

The investigation has made it apparent that the drug habit is far more prevalent than is generally suspected. In alcoholic intoxication there is a period of hilarious imbecility which betrays the victim to his friends, and often to the public, so the extent of such indulgence is more accurately estimated. Official surveillance of the business also keeps the public informed as to its growth or decline. But with many drugs the habit can be secretly indulged till the health of mind and body is destroyed without awakening the suspicions of even the intimate friends of the victim. A few of the States have already enacted cocaine laws, and there may be a general outbreak of such legislation in the near future. If it serves no other purpose it will call public attention to a growing evil, and perhaps warn off many in danger of falling victims to indulgence.—Editorial in The Globe.

# War cry hustlers

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# Songs of the Week.

## "I Will Not Linger."

BY BRIGADIER PEBBLES.

(In the last letter written by the Consul to Commander Booth-Tucker, she said, "I will not linger; I will go out and go on with my work!" The composer has beautifully embodied both the words and the spirit of their writer in the following song.)

Tune (by Commander Booth-Tucker).—Hasten home quickly (Battle Songs Vol 1, 9).

Soldiers are wanted, by fear undaunted,  
Hearts that can suffer and suffer again;  
I will be one to go, out where dark waters flow.  
Venture my all to save poor, fallen men.

### Chorus.

Dangers await me, death may o'ertake me.  
Suffering and sacrifice I will not shrink;  
I will not linger, I will not linger,  
I will go out and go on with my work.

Dangers abounding, my path surrounding,  
Though I should perish and fall by the way;  
For souls despairing, I will be daring,  
Whate'er befall me I'll die in the fray.

Swift to the front I'll go, fear I must never know,  
Where sin and poverty constantly lurk;  
Gladly my all I'll give for Him to die or live.  
I will go out and go on with my work.

Some day I'll hear Him call, some day I'll have to fall,  
But from that lonely spot I will not shrink;  
When I lay down my head, of me it shall be said,  
That "she went out and went on with her work."

sade. "Something," she said, "that will arrest people's attention, arouse them, stop them, and make them think." The Colonel spoke of the following song, which he had used with splendid results in his Texas campaign. "Sing it to me," said the Consul; and he sang it. The last verse particularly struck her, and she asked him to sing it again; and the third time she herself joined in singing the solemn words, little dreaming how strangely true they were to her—that she, the Consul was "only here to-day.")

Tune.—You never can tell.

Bony fingers and pale faces  
Plainly tell you're near the last;  
But with none of those death traces  
Many now are dying fast.

### Chorus.

You never can tell when the death-bell's tolling.  
You never can tell when your end will be;  
Cast your poor soul in the sin-cleansing fountain,  
Come and get saved and happy be.

The pale white horse will overtake you,  
You can't escape, death knows your name;  
If your sins are unforgiven,  
You will have yourself to blame.

Every day we see death's reaper  
Mowing down both young and old;  
The rich and poor can find no favor  
In the grave so dark and cold.

Time and place will cease to know you,  
Men and things will pass away;  
You'll be moving on to-morrow.  
You are only here to-day.

## Lord, Cleanse Me

BY J. LILLY RICHARDS, CAPT., SUSSEX, N.B.

Tunes.—Let the lower lights be burning; or,  
Scatter seeds of kindness (New B.B. 175).

Give me greater love for sinners,  
Give Thy love which doth constrain  
Me to dare and live for Jesus,  
May I be a burning flame.  
Sanctify me, holy make me,  
With Thy precious blood to-day,  
From all sin, O Christ, now free me,  
Let me walk the narrow way.

Help me always to look upward,  
Fix my eyes alone on Thee,  
Give me power to press onward  
Ever for eternity.

Help me trust Thee in the hardness,  
Even when my faith is small;  
O Thou who knows each weakness,  
Be to-day my All-in-all.

Help me think of others' sorrows,  
And to let my light so shine

So, in being blessed, bless others,  
Blend my will, O Lord, with Thine.  
To be kept in touch with Jesus,  
This, O Lord, my earnest plea,  
Safely kept by Thy protection,  
Sweetly resting, Lord, in Thee.

## Oh, Speak.

Tunes.—Thou Shepherd of Israel (New B.B. 111); Realms of the blest.

Thou Shepherd of Israel and mine,  
The joy and desire of my heart,  
For closer communion I pray,  
I long to reside where Thou art.

### Chorus.

Oh, speak while before Thee I pray,  
And, O Lord, just what seemeth Thee good,  
Reveal and my heart shall obey.

The pasture I languish to find,  
Where all who Thy Shepherd obey  
Are fed, on Thy bosom reclined,  
And screened from the heat of the day.

Ah! show me that happiest place,  
The place of Thy people's abode,  
Where saints in true happiness gaze,  
And hang on a crucified God.

Thy love for a sinner declare,  
Thy passion and death on the tree;  
My spirit to Calvary bear,  
To suffer and triumph with Thee.

## Oh, the Lamb!

Tunes.—In evil long (New B.B. 41); Oh, the Lamb.

In evil long I took delight,  
Unawed by shame or fear,  
Till a new object met my sight,  
And stopped my wild career.

### Chorus.

Oh, the Lamb, the bleeding Lamb,  
The Lamb of Calvary,  
The Lamb that was slain, but liveth again,  
To intercede for me!

I saw One hanging on a tree  
In agony and blood,  
Who fixed His dying eyes on me  
As near the cross I stood.

Sure never till my latest breath  
Can I forget that look;  
It seemed to charge me with His death,  
Though not a word He spoke.

My conscience felt and owned my guilt,  
And plunged me in despair;  
I saw my sins His blood had spilt  
And helped to nail Him there.

A second look He gave, which said,  
"I freely all forgive;  
This blood is for thy ransom paid,  
I die that thou mayst live."

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